

Heat waves and Heart-throbs

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Heat waves and Heart-throbs

by [dreamnotfound](#)

Summary

The Florida heat will be the death of George.

Notes

I'm working on a multi chapter fic but my brain is rotting and can only project atm
aka there's a heatwave and I want cuddles

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George feels way too warm. He's sweaty, he feels gross, he needs to get out of this heat-

"George?" a gravelly voice came from higher up.

Oh. He wasn't home, right. He wants to go home, the heat here was gonna be the death of him.

"Uh, sorry for waking you. I'm way too sweaty and I'm getting annoyed. Could you turn the fan on?"

"It is on, you're the one who didn't want to share the bed. The fan isn't going to help from all the way over there."

George pouted and flopped down on the mattress again.

"It's hot, sharing the bed would make it hotter."

Dream giggled. "Are you implying-"

"Literally shut up. Go back to sleep."

"You're the one who woke me up in the first place."

George sighed, he was way too tired to argue. He just plopped back down and tried to fall asleep again.

"The offer still stands, by the way."

"Huh?"

Dream rolled over to the side where George's mattress was laid out on the floor, his head now being visible to George. "To share the bed. I promise it's better up here."

George sighs again to make him seem as bored and fed up as possible, while his head and heart were doing flips.

He climbs on top of the bed and takes the cushion Dream lent him with him.

It feels, safer in a way.

Dream makes himself comfortable and turns to face George.

"See? Isn't it better?"

George was sure he was sweating worse than before because of his nerves, but he just nodded his head and played it off.

The breeze does feel nice.

Dream doesn't seem to let him sleep just yet.

"Are you comfortable? If you need me to move because I'm too close, just let me know."

George felt his heart flutter at the consideration.

He probably wouldn't mind the heat if the heat was Dream clinging onto him the entire night.

"No, you're good. I'd tell you if you make me uncomfortable."

"Okay, good."

Dream scooted a bit closer, staring at George's face.

George followed the blondes eyes, trying to imagine what they were looking at.

Did he have something on his face?

"Do I have something on my face?" He laughed awkwardly.

"N-no! I didn't- I didn't mean it like that. I was just looking at you."

"Am I that nice to look at?"

No reply.

George just decided to close his eyes and call it a night.

He turns around so he can sleep on his stomach, his face facing away from Dream.

It didn't take him long to fall asleep.

But it also didn't take long for him to wake up again.

An arm found its way across his waist, and a heavy and warm weight was glued to his side.

One of their legs intertwined.

George felt, safe.

It felt like a hug. Which he guessed it kind of is.

He turns, ever so slightly, to face Dream.

Dream is fast asleep. The blonde locks of hair lay on his face make him look a bit like a lion.

George puts the locks of hair behind Dreams ear subconsciously, and Dream smiles.

He couldn't stop touching Dreams hair now, just playing with strands and massaging his scalp.

The hand on his waist (which is now on his back because he turned around) started to move too, indicating that Dream wasn't as asleep as George thought at first.

That makes his heartbeat go faster.

Dream doesn't waste any time pressing himself closer to George, and George doesn't push him away or ask questions.

Questions are for Tomorrow George, George Now just wants to feel safe and happy in this moment.

And he does.

Dream always makes him feel at home.

End Notes

thanks for reading!!

don't forget to comment n leave some kudos, it gives me motivation! <3

please leave some suggestions too, might not do all of them but I can pump some oneshots out in an hour n still want to write while doing the big project!! will do any pairing from the dream team, also the ot3!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

